

COLLEGE CHEER.

"WE KNOCK TO BOOST."

VOL. IX.

ST. JOSEPH COLLEGE, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 21, 1917.

No. 10

"A TURN IN THE ROAD"

Columbian Literary Society of St. Joseph College Put on Play for St. Patrick Celebration on Evening of March 17.

The Columbian Literary society gave a delightful program on the evening of March 17, the title of the play was "A Turn in the Road," and was a rollicking comedy in two acts. It was good from beginning to end, and kept the audience in a roar of laughter throughout the performance. Much of the fun was caused by the delightful and skillful way in which Mr. Martin Bustetter and Mr. John Kuhn interpreted their parts. They were by far the stars of the evening's performance. Mr. Bustetter was a typical rube from the country and seemed to live his part as if he really were a man from the rural regions. Mr. Kuhn's stuttering and stammering caused much laughter, and he seemed as if dactylology would be a better means for giving expression of his thoughts than the "ars dicendi."

Mr. Feldhaus, also, cannot be left unmentioned, for he, too, delivered his part well.

Much credit is due to Father Rapp, the moderator of the society and director of the play, for the success of the performance rested on his efforts. We hope that all the future public programs will be equally as good.

We were very much surprised to have the vaudeville sketch by Messrs. Louis DeJaco and Edward Purcell. These gentlemen proved themselves first-class impersonators, especially Mr. DeJaco. No one in the audience recognized him for he looked the Jew part and acted Mr. Cohen to perfection. It was for some minutes before we could tell who he was. Much of the pleasantness of the evening was due to these two students.

FILMDOM

On the evening of the 16th the faculty and students of St. Joseph College were entertained by "Cabiria," a moving picture feature of 11 reels. The scenes were laid in ancient Rome and Carthage and the country around Mt. Etna. It was a play that will remain long in a person's mind, for the scenery was artistic and very realistic. The most attractive scenes in the play were the eruption of the volcano and the burning of Marcellus' fleet before Rome. It was one of those portrayals of ancient life from the king to peasant, the rich and poor, and the generous and avaricious. These are the kind that the students like and a vote of thanks is therefore given the college for putting on this good show.

CONTRIBUTORS

The editor desires to thank those students who have submitted articles to him to publish in The Cheer. Many were very good, though some, of course, found their way into the office wastebasket. If your article was one of those last mentioned, why not try again? Your spirit is deeply appreciated.

POOR BONER

Willie found a looking glass
And scraped the mercury off.
He swallowed the shining substance,
Thinking it would cure his cough.

The next day his mother told
Her neighbor, Mrs. Brown,
" 'Twas a very cold day for Willie
When the mercury started down."

BONER'S SAYINGS

'Tis sweet to love,
But, oh! how bitter,
To love a girl,
And then not gitt her.

LIFE'S TESTS

If never a sorrow came to us, and never a care
we knew;
If every hope were realized, and every dream
came true;
If only joy were found on earth, and no one
ever sighed,
And never a friend proved false to us, and
never a loved one died,
And never a burden bore us down, soulsick and
weary, too,
We'd yearn for tests to prove our worth and
tasks for us to do.

Last summer Bill Manley happened to get a position at a grocery store in Winona. He had been recommended by a customer of the grocer. Late in the afternoon of Bill's first day at work he heard the following dialogue:

"Grocer—"The boy you recommended won't do at all."

"Customer—"What has he been up to?"

"Grocer—"I gave him a notice to stick up: "ALL THE DELICACIES OF THE SEASON WILL BE FOUND INSIDE," and he pasted it on the rubbish barrel."

That was the end of Bill's job.

FOUND—A sum of money.—Leo T. Beck.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

ACADEMIC LEAGUE

The Owls and Democrats brought the Academic league to a close with their game on February 24. The Democrats, who had led the league the entire season, won the game. The game was not as interesting as most of the previous games because of the poor basket shooting. Score 7-3. Referee, O'Brien. Scorer, O'Donnell.

ST. JOE ACADEMICS vs. ST. XAVIER

The South Side Academic team defeated the North Side team in a very close and interesting game. It was nip and tuck from beginning to end. Now St. Joe would score and then St. Xavier. The roughness somewhat marred the game. Miller for St. Joe was put off the floor on account of his rough playing. Score 17-15. Referee, Antl. Umpire, Lucks. Scorer, G. Miller.

BACKLOOK AT BASKET-BALL

One of the most successful basket-ball seasons which St. Joe has ever had is closed. The varsity, while not having as great a percentage of games won as some other years, did even more than was expected of it. With the exception of the Lowell game, St. Joe played only the best teams in this part of the West. This year's schedule was the strongest we ever had and as a result the students were treated with a better brand of basket-ball.

Much credit must be given M. Lause for the splendid manner in which he drilled the team. Manager Hogan did everything for the players that could be expected and then some. He was always ready to put himself to a little inconvenience in order to help the team. His assistant, J. Dalton, was the right man for the position of junior manager. During Mr. Hogan's sickness Mr. Dalton handled the varsity in an able manner and proved his mettle.

The different league teams put up a brand of basket-ball this year which was very classy. In the Senior league, the Commercial team was far superior to any of the other class teams, principally because most of the varsity men were taken off these teams. The Juniors, Academics and Midget teams were evenly matched and it was an exciting race throughout the season for first honors.

HANDBALL

Swat! Swat! Swat! But all nationalities alike play the good Irish game of handball at St. Joe, and from the enthusiasm of some, the game is second to no other in their estimation. Any time not reserved for basket-ball and just now indoor baseball—the enthusiasts may be seen at either end at the side of the indoor hall pounding away at their rubber balls. To onlookers, the game hardly has the same interest as some other sports, but interest is not lacking, for small groups congregate in the galleries over the alleys and seem instructed in the good plays of some as well as amused at the awkward and clumsy moves of others. But we should say that from

its intrinsic worth, handball bids fair to take its place alongside other sports here, for two of the requisites of any sport—muscular exercise and skill—are both called for in the game.

BASEBALL

With the close of our basket-ball season all St. Joe's attention is turned toward baseball. For the last two weeks aspirants for the varsity position as pitchers and catchers have been daily working out. With the exception of Wonderly, Deery and Cullen, last year's team is intact. Last year's students know that the team led by Joe Wonderly was as good as St. Joe had turned out in years. This year's team, with the regulars of last year and the youngsters who have had a year of training, should make a record that will stand for some time.

SMOKING CLUB NOTES

A meeting of the Raleigh Jolly Smoking club was called by President McCormick on March 10 to elect officers. The men whom the club honored by electing to office were: President, Joseph Tremel; vice-president, George Dunn; secretary, Thomas Flynn, and marshal, James Hogan.

A. A. BOARD MEETING

The board of appropriation met Sunday, March 4, to decide several questions regarding tennis. At this meeting William Wigmore was elected general manager of tennis. The baseball schedule for the year '17 was discussed at length. The manager of baseball informed the board that every effort was being made to fill out the schedule with strong games.

LIGHT OCCUPATIONS

Watching Antony fight.
Listening to the echo of a calling card.
Playing golf on sausage links.
Hanging clothes on a bread line.
Watching the prices on food-stuffs fall.
Watching David cut Glueckert's hair.
Listening to Greg. Miller talk sensibly.

TOO BAD

Manley—"I made a bet with a guy a few years ago, but it was only a mind bet.

McLaughlin—"Why only a mind bet?"

Manley—"Well, you see in case I lost, I would only lose my mind."

McLaughlin—"If you're looking for sympathy, I'm sorry you lost that bet."

HEALTH HINT

Miss Colleger says: Beware of the spring fever.

AT HOME

LaMere—"Auntie, did you marry an Indian?"
Aunt—"Of course not. Why?"

LaMere—"I saw some scalps on your dressing table."

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COLLEGE CHEER.

Published Semi-Monthly by
COLLEGE CHEER PUBLISHING COMPANY.
10c Per Copy; 90c Per Year; \$1.00 By Mail.

Staff

JAMES H. STEWART, Manager and Editor
JOHN P. BRUIN, Secretary
ANTHONY J. TOMPKINS, Treasurer

Address

EDITOR COLLEGE CHEER,
Collegeville, Indiana.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 21, 1917.

EDITORIALS.**THAT OLD-TIME SPIRIT**

"Time changes and men with it" we are told by those who ought to know. The contention is, are conditions tending to a better state or is the world slowly deteriorating? Some hold the latter statement to be true and would convince us that even as Nature's resources will finally be absorbed, thus bringing the world to a gradual and natural end, so also with mankind; men, they say, are growing weaker mentally and physically, generation by generation, and to prove their point, call our attention to the fact that man's span of life has greatly decreased, his stature is almost puny compared to that of his forefathers, and his independent, self-protecting, man-like spirit seems lost. Well, they may be right and they may not, and rather than argue with them we prefer waiting the end of the world when, no doubt, we will receive positive proof one way or the other. However, we wonder if you have ever noticed any changes in men from year to year? Look about you here at college. Some of you have been students for five or six years and it is to you we appeal. Do you remember when you first came to St. Joe? What big fellows the fifth and sixth men were. They seemed to control the workings of the entire student body. Juniors, and in fact all lower classmen, respected and actually feared them. No man who had been a student for only two or three years, much less a first year man, ever became so ambitious as to entertain the thought of opposing the Seniors in anything. If there were any "hard guys" they were necessarily Seniors, for a would-be bully of the younger students was anything but hard after the older men got through with him.

The result was that in those days the Juniors and all lower classmen caused very little trouble and never thought of "starting anything." A student received very little attention until he was at least in his second or third year. What the Seniors decided went, the authorities trusted the Seniors and looked to them to aid in upholding the rules of the institution, and as a final result college life here was real college life. Is it the same now; does that old spirit thrive with renewed vigor among the Seniors? You who are Seniors, or at least would call yourselves such, look to your actions and answer truthfully and your answer will be no, decidedly no. Why, at present, a junior has more to say in most cases

than a sixth year man. Quite a few loud-mouthed youngsters are to be found in the lower classes. The word Senior outside of being merely a name, carries with it no further significance. A Senior is something to wipe your feet on, if he doesn't do all the Juniors expect of him, and what all they expect of him would be a disgrace to tell. The older men no longer have a hold on the younger element and can do little in restraining them in any way. They have lost that old-time authority and spirit. Why? Because they are not as strong or as big as the Seniors of old were? Possibly, but rather is it not probable that it is because they no longer attempt to assert themselves? Because they fail to work together for the general good? Because they fear to lose their popularity with the younger classmen? Yes, these, we believe, must be the real reasons, for the fifth and sixth classmen of the present year number more than usually and few of these could be called puny. And yet the Seniors wonder why they are treated the same as any other student. They cannot understand why special favors are not bestowed on them by the authorities. They try to please the lower classmen, cater to their whims, and then don't see why they are no longer looked up to or respected, but on the other hand are laughed at and criticised. We regret to see that good old Senior spirit die such an unnatural, premature and unwarranted death. Can it ever be revived? Will the Seniors finally grow tired of permitting the Juniors to dictate to them and to do what they please, get together, take matters in hand and make things hum once more along the lines they were wont to? When they do, then will come better days for Collegeville. The authorities will have less work, things will progress more smoothly, privileges will be given more frequently, the lower classman will remember his proper place, Juniors will be seen, not heard; rough-neckism will disappear, and all in all the return of the old-time Senior class spirit will bring with it blessings in disguise for all the inmates of St. Joe. Is its revival hopeless and the writer a dreamer? If so, then those who claim that the world is deteriorating may be correct after all. Seniors, answer for yourselves.

* * * *

CIVILIZED?

The student, we admit, is in a receptive stage. His education is not supposed to be completed, his ideas and thoughts are mostly borrowed. Still, in spite of this he is expected to possess common sense and the power to act decently and gentlemanly at all times. For, while education may polish him off, it cannot make a true gentleman of him; this depends on the man himself. We must blame those students, therefore, who prove by their actions that they could never be accused of having any sense of politeness and decency, without being highly and unjustly insulted. Such students are those who, if a dish that they don't fancy has been placed on the table, will take its contents and throw same about the refectory, not caring whether it lights on another's plate or on the floor. These, who number not more than three or four, show themselves

(Continued on page four)

CIVILIZED

(Continued from Page Three)

to be lacking in good breeding and void of all manners. We don't hope to reform them by calling their attention to their faults, for we believe them to be beyond the stage where improvement is possible. Our idea is to warn the other students against them in the hope that some one will take them back of the gym now and then.

CAN EAT PIE NOW

Mr. Joe Williams of 123 E. Squirrel Ave., has the following to say of Tanlac: "For years I could eat nothing but plain food, and very little of that. I became very thin and weak, and had forgotten what an appetite was. I could not sleep at night and was subject to nightmares. One day Kennedy advised me to try Tanlac. I purchased a bottle and now enjoy perfect health and believe that at least horse-sense is returning to me, although no one can notice the improvement. I am going to play marbles this spring, and if my health has improved sufficiently by next winter to throw snowballs. I testify to this as the truth in the presence of John Antony and Bun Manley, both of whom it seems, intend to take the same treatment." Moral—use Tanlac.

A TABLEAU

At a certain entertainment given not long ago, one of the most interesting features was, in our opinion, the tableau. A large number of students took part in that and each responded a virtue or a vice. For instance, Curby, dressed in a garment of rags, depicted Poverty, while at his side stood Schnitz representing Riches. Beck took the part of Ignorance, while Greg. Miller posed as Wisdom. Hermiller in overalls and straw hat made a beautiful likeness of Pride, while Stewart did very well in portraying Humility. Barrett took the part of Sloth, and Willie Wigmore rivaled him for merit as Diligence. Deutsch did very well in his representation of Anger, though Kuhn, who stood next to him was a realistic picture of Self-control. Bruin acted as Temperance while Gluttony was admirably seen in the character of Tompkins. The spell of our admiration and awe was broken when Curby suddenly let out a Ford yell, which we afterwards understood was a signal for the curtain.

HOLY NAME SOCIETY NOTES

The following is the list of H. N. consultants: Lause, McCormack, Cecil, Wigmore, Holsinger, A. Schaefer, McCoy, Curby, Goettemoeller, Carlin. St. Xavier's officers and consultants are: Vice-President Feldhaus, Secretary E. Vonder-Haar, Ryan, Duenzer, Stadtherr, Crosser.

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WATERLOO

When your foolin' in the library,
 A-havin' lots of fun,
 A-gigglin' and a-laughin',
 As if your time was come—
 You had better watch the corners,
 And keep kinder lookin' about,
 Er else Rufus Esser'll oust you
 Ef you don't watch out.
 —ANTONY, Poet.

TERRIBLE

Harry Schaffer resigned his position as fifteenth sub., a short time ago, on the Reps basketball team. Capt. Lause fainted. Upon his recovery he asked Harry as to the reason for so drastic an action so early in the season.

"Well," said Harry, "I am going to save myself for baseball."

"You win," said Mat.

"Pass out," said Hogan.

MANLEY'S CLAY PIPE

One of the reporters happened to enter the Smoking club the other day and chanced to see Bun Manley in a far corner of the room. Amid a cloud of smoke he was thus soliloquizing with himself:

The meerschium pipe,
 A nifty type,
 Is one that most admire.
 And now and then
 We notice men
 Who cater to the briar.

Admiring both
 I'm nothing loath
 To speak right up and say
 That since my dough
 Is rather low,
 I'm happy with a clay.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

Diner (who had run up a heavy bill)—"Six months ago I dined here and unluckily had no money to pay my bill and—er—you kicked me downstairs."

Manager—"Very sorry, sir, but business you know—er—I had to—er—"

Diner—"Oh, that's alright, old chap, but—er—might I trouble you again?"

Professor—"What is spunk?"

Hanley—"Well, if you spank me, I'm spunk."

Busy Editor (to would-be poet)—"Here, take this junk; it isn't poetry, it's gas."

Antony—"Very good, sir; I guess there's something wrong with the meter."

Professor—"What is H₂O?"

G. Ryan—"Milk."

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SIXTH GREEK CLASS' PRAYER

Now I lay me down to rest,

Before I take tomorrow's test.

If I should die before I wake,

Thank Heaven, I'll have no test to take.

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THE BELL THAT RINGS TO BEANS

Hear the savory dinner bells, victual bells,
What a tale of disappearance now their ting-a-
ling foretells,

Of a ravenous consumption,
And of horrible destruction
Of the beans.

Hear thes eething, hungry throng
Pass the joyous word along
When 'tis beans.

Oh the beans, beans, beans, beans,
(Inclusive to n beans),
Oh, the gastric satisfaction when we hear the
call to beans.

No, my friend, it is no fable,
There is nothing on the table
But the beans.

And the punk and the pickles and the gravy
and potatoes,
And the vinegar and catsup and the mustard
with tomatoes.

As for butter, the old cow
Is no longer
With us now.

She was growing stronger, stronger,
But she died.

And 'tis without a tear
That we sadly now recall
How old "Ich," the poor, old dear,
Used to holler to us all,
"Shoot old Jersey, quick, down here!"
Now, alas, she's dead and gone,

*H. C. L. is here to stay,
And the oleo has come,
And our friend is forced to say,
"Shoot old Oly down here!"
And we drop a silent tear.

Now, perhaps we oughtn't rave,
There are many souls to save.
But who can keep his temper sweetly
When he thinks of matters eatly.
'Tis not our fault.

Why, they say that for the reason
Of this awful H. C. L.*
There is really very little
Of the pure Na Cl
In the salt.

Oh, the bells, bells, bells, bells,
(Inclusive to n bells)

Oh, the pleasant satisfaction
That so gastronomically wells
From the tingling and the dingling
Of the savory dinner bells.

—B. E. ANERY.

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ST. XAVIER NEWS

By Andrew Brunswick.

SPRING

To thee we sing
O, gracious spring
A welcome all sincere.
We hope to see
Thy songsters free
And hear their sprightly cheer.

May blossoms bright
With varied light
Adorn thy splendid leases,
While odors sweet
From gay lips creep
And play upon thy breezes.

Let gentle rain
Release the strain
Of life that lies still hidden,
And open wide
Earth's gracious side
To seeds that lie yet smitten.

Come, lovely sun,
Thy long course run,
Thy glowing face unscreened,
And prove to all
That Winter's fall
Has left thee unrestrained.

Yes, then, O Spring,
To thee we'll bring
Bright flowers, gay and sweetest,
And wreath thee fair
With violets rare
And laurels fresh and neatest.

Red—"Say, Shorty, do you know your hat reminds me of a court-house in Chicago?"

Shorty—"Why so, Red?"

Red—"It covers an entire 'block.'"

SOUNDED LIKE IT

Senior (enthusiastically reading Milton's famous "Speech of Satan")—"Hail horrors, hail infernal world, and—Say, can't you make this scene appear something like hell?"

Stage Manager—"Sure, if you like."

Senior—"—And thou profoundest hell—"

Stage Manager—"Does it look like it?"

Senior—"Not much."

Stage Manager—"Well, it sounds like it."

ST. X. A. A. MEETING

The St. X. A. A. met on Sunday, March 4, for the purpose of electing new officers. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved. Miscellaneous business was at once taken up, under which the election of officers first received attention. The results were as follows:

President, G. Esser.

Secretary, J. Hiller.

Baseball Manager, E. Vonderhaar.

Assistant Manager, R. Esser.

Tennis Manager, O. Brackman.

Assistant Manager, A. Kraus.

Track Manager, L. Reith.

Assistant Manager, A. Meyer.

Advisory Board for Baseball—A. Feldhaus, A. Brunswick, L. Vogt.

With this staff of officers the prospects for the season's sports look very promising, perhaps more so than they have done in many years past. Let us all be up and doing and, then, with the hearty willingness of the officers, we will make this year a memorable one in the records of St. X. sports.

REAL LOGIC

One of our Southern friends, while home at Christmas, chanced to overhear an argument between two of his negro friends. The argument ran thus:

Sambo: "So you think that some of the saints are negroes, do you, and that St. Peter was a negro?"

Rastus: "I do think there are a lot of negro saints, and I firmly believe that St. Peter was a negro."

Sambo: "We'll prove it by the parson."

After talking the matter over with the parson, and the latter telling them that St. Peter was not a negro, Sambo thus spoke: "I know that St. Peter was not a negro, for if he was, that rooster would not have crowed the second time."

The lady of many portable possessions was moving from town to the seashore for the summer. A cab had been thought big enough to convey her and the cabman sat there, passing from one stage of disgust to another still deeper, while his vehicle, inside and out, was piled high with a miscellaneous assortment of cherished belongings. When the task came to an end the cabman asked: "Is that all?" "Yes," was the answer.

The cabman looked surprised. "Seems a pity," he ejaculated, "to leave the doorstep."

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HOPELESS

A doctor came up to a man in the insane asylum, slapped him on the back and said, "Old man, you're all right. Write your folks you'll be home in a couple of weeks." The patient went joyfully to write his letter, but after licking his postage stamp it dropped to the floor and lighted on a passing cockroach. The man had not seen the cockroach. What he saw was his stamp zig-zagging aimlessly across the floor, wavering up to the baseboard, following a crooked trail up the wall and across the ceiling. In a depressed silence he tore up the written letter and dropped the pieces to the floor. "Two weeks! H—l!" he said; "I won't be out of here in three years."

EGGS AND SCIENCE

Wife—"My dear, the chickens have scratched up all the egg-plant you sowed."

Professor, musingly—"Ah, jealousy," and then he sat down and wrote a twenty-page article on "Development of Envy in the Minds of the Lower Grade of Bipeds."

Senior—"You're a pretty sharp boy, Johnnie.

Meade—"I ought to be—Pa used to strop me in the woodshed five or six times a week."

Antony—"Did you see how I paralyzed the audience in the death scene? They were crying all over the auditorium."

Barrett—"Yes; they knew you weren't really dead."

Question—"What animal is satiated with the least nourishment?"

Joe Howard—"The moth. It eats nothing but holes."

VI. ENGLISH

Professor—"I suppose you have read all of Shakespeare's works?"

Deutsch—"Yes, all of them; that is, unless he has written something within the past year."

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